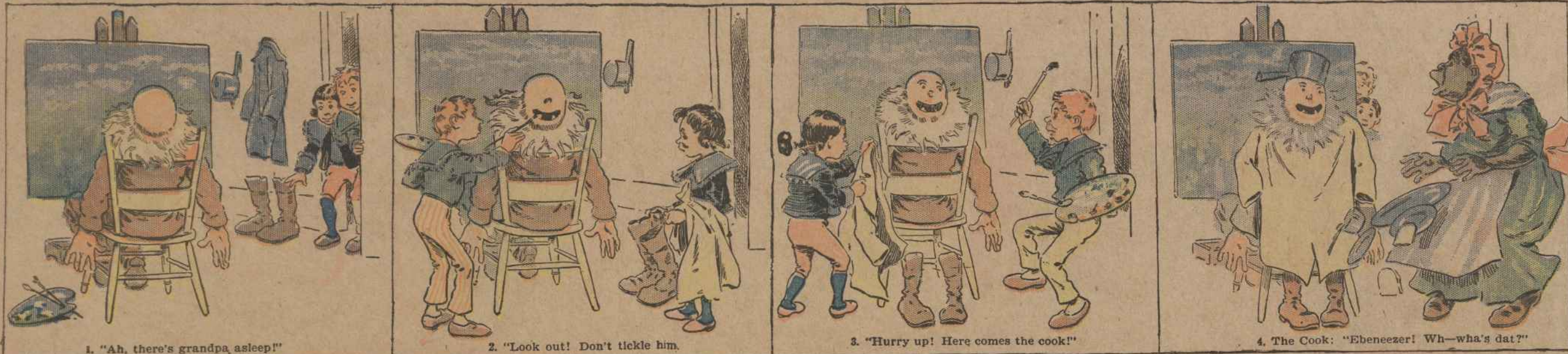


AN INNOCENT VICTIM; OR HOW GRANDPA PLAYED SCARECROW.



Gentle Spring.

Now feeds the gaunt, bewhiskered goat
From posters on the wall,
The moth ball's fragrance fills the coat
Of sealskin in the hall.
The sparrow hops upon the sill,
The wheelman's gong sounds loud and shrill,
And Willy takes the quinine pill,
The quinine pill.

The green grass on the baldish lawn
Is growing merrily
The bullfrog sees the link-ed spawn,
And gurgles in his glee.
The ring-tailed monkey on a rope
Begs pennies, full of simian hope,
The housemaid stews the soft-shelled soap,
The soft-shelled soap.

The gay galosh sticks in the mud,
And leaves all bare the shoon,
And now and then some greeny bud
Bursts forth from its cocoon.
The pussy-willow, fair to see,
Makes silvery freckles on the tree,
And Rover hunts the sharp-toothed flea,
The sharp-toothed flea.

The orphaned, soiled, unlauded tramp
Begs food his form to fill.
The plumber sticks the two-cent stamp
Upon his Winter's bill.
The "To Let" sign is far and near
The froth is on the brown bock beer
The air is fresh for the Spring is here
The Spring is here.

A Spring Joy.

One day I found a diamond in the gutter
And once a bill-lined wallet I picked up,
My bosom beat with joy I scarce could utter
The joy-drops o'er the edges of my cup
Did trickle.

Joy did I say? Ah, less than nothing was it
Compared to that great thrill when, yesterday,
I took my last Spring's top coat from the closet,
And in the lining found, long hid away—
A nickel!

Not So Bad as Reported

BIGGS—I hear the jail was afire this morning
BAGGS—Naw it was only a sell.

A Carce One.

JABBERS—It is quite
inconvenient to be poor
but there are compensa-
tions.

HAVERS—I defy you
to name one.
JABBERS—Well, you
don't have to learn to
like pate de foie gras

Why, Certainly

BOB—I say, Pop, do the
Arabs clean their camels
with a currycomb?

POP—No, my boy You
ought to know better
than that. They use a
camel's hair brush of
course

In Doubt

OLD LADY—What
pretty children! Are they
yours, madam?

MRS. LAKEFRONT—
The judge hasn't decided
yet

To Be Supposed.

MISS PASSAY—I would
never elope with any
young man.

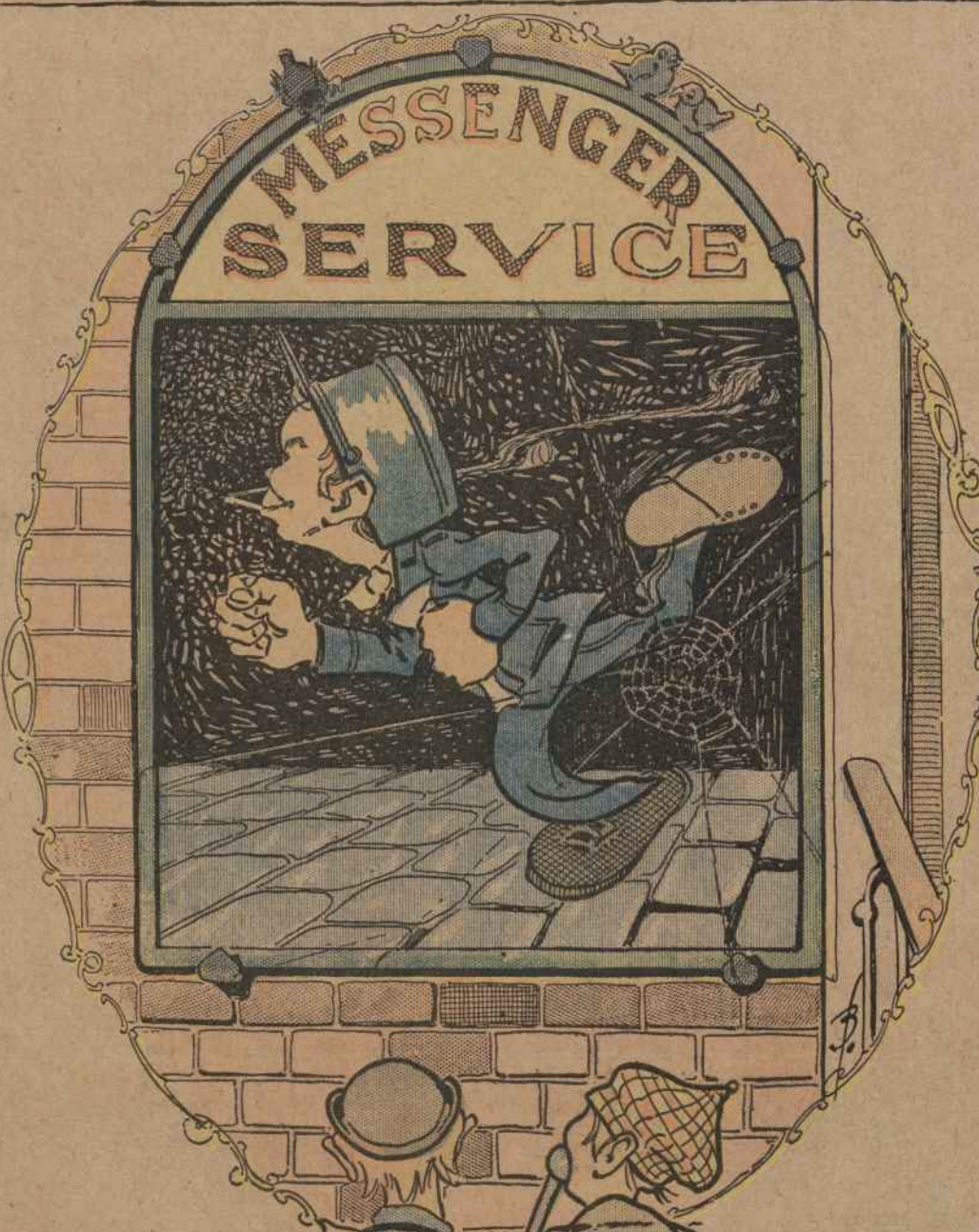
MISS PERT—Of course
you would prefer some
one near your own age.

Caught on the Fly

JACK—The woman I
marry must be beautiful,
accomplished and amia-
ble; in short, faultless.
MARIE—Oh, Jack! This
is so sudden!

It Depends.

MISS BUDD—Do you
think marriage pays?
MRS. DIVORCEE—It
all depends on the amount
of alimony you get.



WE MAY BE SUPERSTITIOUS,
But still we don't believe in signs.

A Novel Fact.

BOOKMAN—This novel
I can recommend to you,
sir

FATHER—I see the au-
thor is a woman. What I
want is a novel I can let
my daughter read.

A Capable Man

"Has Drinker any ca-
pacity at all for anything
except liquor?"

"Oh, yes. They say he
has swallowed three for-
tunes."

A Reminiscence.

THE LAWYER—What
was your greatest trial,
Judge?

THE JUDGE—Getting
seven daughters married
off

Proof Positive.

HE—Are you sure that
you love me, dearest?
SHE—Why, Reginald,
I'd marry you if your
name were Jake.

Naturally.

FIRST TRAMP (in
graveyard)—Are you
tired, Timothy?

SECOND TRAMP—
Sure. I'm near dead.

Exactly.

"What's an indorser,
Pa?"
"It's another name for
idiot."

A Sure Retainer.

WIGGS—What do you
think is the best way to
keep house?
WAGGS—Pay the rent.

Addressed to Spring.

Spring, Spring, elegant Spring,
I warble, I chortle, I chant, I sing
Of your bills,
And ills,
And chills,
And squills,
And pills,
And everything.

I sing of the haunt of the boneless snakes;
I sing of the fever, the shivering shakes,

The snow,
And the blow,
And the mos-qui-to,
As to Jersey he plies his wing!

Spring, Spring, lachrymose Spring,
I whistle, I toot, and I likewise sing
Of the hours
When showers
Make bowers
Of flowers,
All ours,

Nor cost a thing,
I sing of the huckster who cries at morn,
"Oh, here's yer pertaters, yer nice hulled corn!"
And of Pat
With a slat
As he beats the mat,
Where the pulverized dust-flakes cling!

Tommy's Revenge.

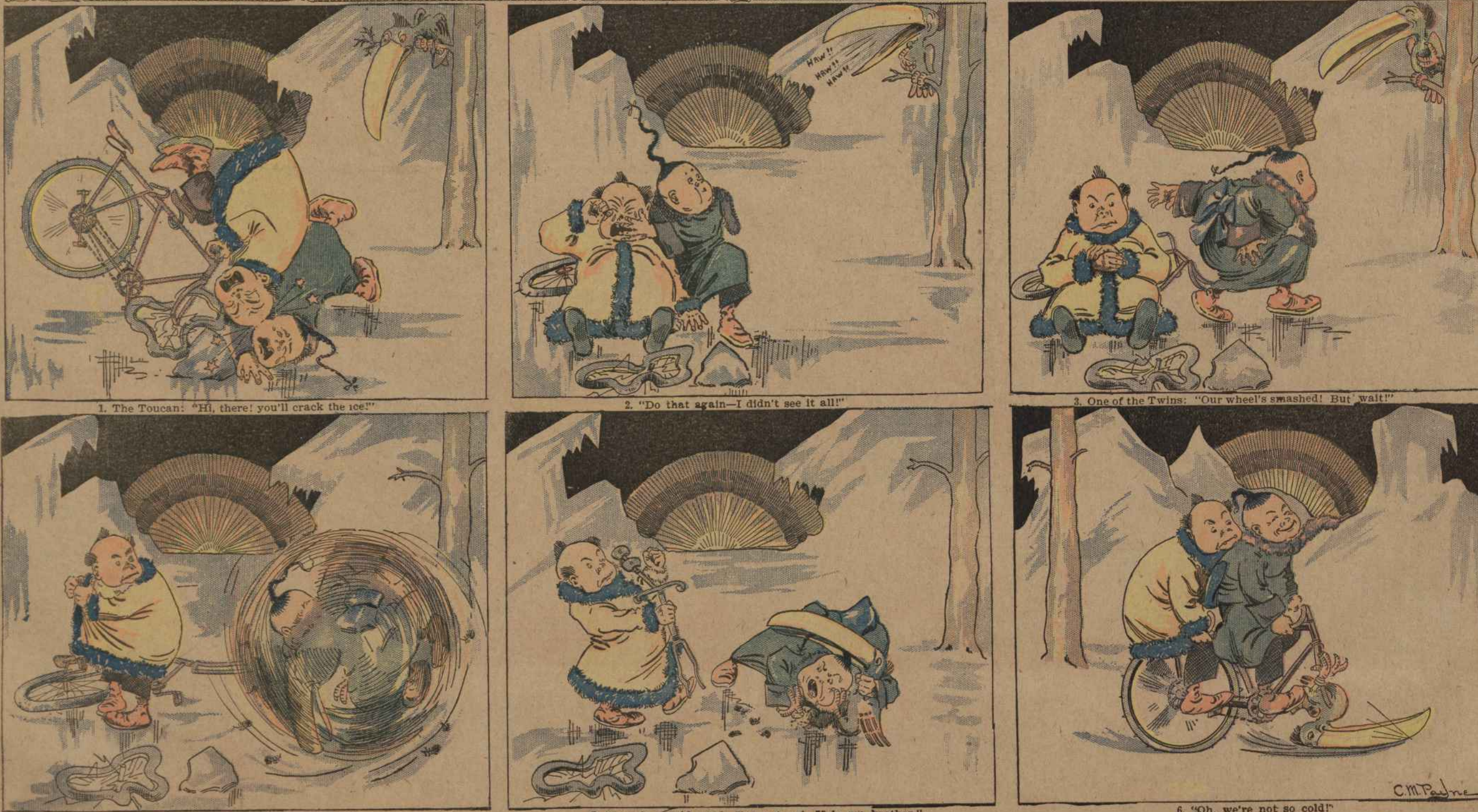
Young Tommy beats the carpet
As it hangs upon the fence;
Each blow's so fierce and sharp it
Sends the dust a-flying hence,
And he smiles to hear mamma: "Pet,
You will earn your fifteen cents!"

Still, 'tis not because he's cash in
That young Tommy whales away—
But the carpet that he's smashing
Is his teacher, doth he play,
And he's paying back the thrashing
That she gave him yesterday.

April.

The peg top hums with glee,
High up the kitelets sail,
And down the street the cur dog scoots
With a tin can on his tail.

EVERYTHING HAS ITS USE; OR, THE TOUCAN THAT BECAME A BICYCLE.



1. The Toucan: "Hi, there! you'll crack the ice!"

2. "Do that again—I didn't see it all!"

3. One of the Twins: "Our wheel's smashed! But wait!"

4. "Something is evidently happening."

5. "Laugh, would you? I've got ya! Help me, brother."

6. "Oh, we're not so cold!"